Why I Hate Nuts

by W. Michael Young

My numero uno Aunt Bonnie made me hate nuts.[1]

I was a happy kid before Aunt Bonnie alerted me to the protocols in Life.

I don't *actually* hate nuts. I like nuts. I like peanuts, even Spanish peanuts. I like cashews. And almonds, walnuts, pecans, macadamias, pine nuts, pistachios, beer nuts, hazel nuts,[2] coconuts, kola nuts and Brazil nuts[3]. I even have a nutcracker quite capable of defeating any macadamia.

I've tried roasted chestnuts too, but didn't care for them.

And I like nuts in things. I like pecans in pie. I like peanut butter sandwiches.[4] Pesto. Cracker Jacks. Pralines. White chocolate and macadamia nut cookies. Peanut butter cookies. Nutella in moderation. Kung pao chicken. Marzipan. Coconut in most things, especially macaroons. Chex-Mix. Baklava. Coca-Cola.

In fact, I like nuts so much I had some for dinner last night. I made a salad and added two kinds of nuts – chopped almonds and walnuts – and a ton of them.

What I don't like about nuts is *nuts where nuts do not belong*. Banana nut bread – don't belong. Chocolate chip cookies. Brownies.[5] Ice cream... including Rocky Road. See's Candy. Cinnamon rolls. Milk. Trifle.[6]

Yuck.

Why do I feel as I do about nuts where nuts should not go? Because it's wrong of the nuts to do so. There are laws, many laws, against it, including the Law of Nature.[7]

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[1] With footnotes.
[2] aka Filberts.
[3] We didn't use to call them Brazil nuts though...
[4] With raspberry jelly on sliced sourdough is best.
[5] Although you may add nuts to cakey brownies as I won't eat them anyway.
[6] Trifle is a horror all its own as *nothing* belongs in trifle; it's a combination abomination.
[7] Calamitously, adding nuts does *not* contravene the laws of physics.

My aunt's Dad sent this photo as a Christmas card with the message "Got the two older girls married off, but somehow no offers for Bonnie…"

And my Best Aunt Bonnie told me so herself. Fortunately that alert came when I was a youngster, so I never experienced the utter calamity of downing a nut in something in which no nut belongs. I pick the nuts out if I have to.

When I was little my Mom's youngest sister Bonnie would sometimes come visit us in Riverside, and often ended up baby sitting whatever of us five kids were alive at the time. Me, being oldest, always was around. Pam, Perry, Mandy and Karen, only to a respectively lesser extent.

Bonnie was kind enough to tell me, repeatedly, that she was the best aunt there was. She had me say after her, "*Bonnie is Numero Uno*," over and over. Then she told me about nuts, that nuts in food like ice cream and brownies was bad. She repeated it, and had me repeat it, and tell my parents too. Nuts bad; no nuts good.

I think, though, that I knew instinctively, or would have discovered the awful truth on trying, for the first time, to eat banana nut bread without picking out the nuts. But Bonnie was right. She is the best; she saved me from a terrible mistake, and to this day I thank her for looking out for me and for whoever of my siblings were then about.[8]

Another nice thing about Bonnie.[9] When visiting Riverside while I was little, Bonnie would pick me up and then run up and down the steep slopes around the front yard and down to the street. I'd laugh and laugh and think it the funniest thing until I threw up milk. In my mind's eye I can see it still, and I still think it hilarious – an almost grown woman[10] carrying me up and down at high speed with my gurgling glee her reward.[11]

Oh, those were the days, spitting up milk and eating banana nutless bread! Or cottage cheese mixed with apple-sauce.[12] Bonnie is the best.

[8] I wonder if Bonnie warned her own kids? I hope so.
[9] There only may be the two.
[10] Bonnie would have been somewhere around 14 – 16 years old.
[11] Sort of like training a dog to play fetch.
[12] Don't get me started about raisins! If requested, though, I will address eating too low on the food chain.